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To Mr. S. Holbrook

From the

Author

LEISURE HOURS;

A COLLECTION OF

ORIGINAL POEMS,

&c.

BY JOHN K. LASKEY.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal!

BYRON.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY LEWIS W. DURANT & CO., PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

1838.

TO

Oliver Goldsmith, Esquire,

Author of "*The Rising Village*," &c. and descendant of the Author of "*The Deserted Village*," the following effusions are dedicated, with the highest esteem and respect,

By his obedient Servant,

JOHN K. LASKEY.

PREFACE.

In presenting the following pages to the eye of the discerning reader, the Author cannot but feel that diffidence which is ever felt, in a greater or less degree, by all who submit the productions of their intellectual powers to the criterion of public opinion. This diffidence, however, is somewhat abated, when he considers that the exalted character of the subjects, which occupy the principal portion of these sheets, must shield him from the imputation of having devoted his *leisure hours* to the composition of levity, calculated only to gratify the vitiated taste of the trifling reader; and he waits not for the critic to inform him, that his "Muse" has failed to soar to those lofty heights, which these subjects so majestically present. Of this, he is thoroughly convinced; for the *boldest* attempts of poetry are feeble in comparison to the unspeakable grandeur which irradiates a theme so great as the *Birth of the Saviour,*—or even *Abraham offering his Son Isaac.*

"In *great* attempts, 'tis glorious e'en to fail;"

and the failure, in this instance, may be attributed as well to the greatness of the writer's subjects, as to his deficiency in the sublime art of poetry.

Having frequently directed his thoughts to many of those portions of the Sacred Volume, which afford an extensive field for poetical imaginings, the Author is daily more confirmed in the opinion, that the Poet, who is possessed of a *corresponding mind,* can find nothing in the fabled lore of Greece and Rome, or any Heathen Mythology, in any way so suitable for the exercise of his intellectual faculties—The Death of Abel—The Flood—The Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah—Christ Raising Lazarus—Paul's Departure for Jerusalem, (Acts xx, 22,) &c. are of this kind; and he has it in contemplation to apply himself to the work of investing them with a Poetic Dress, and to proceed, at the same time with the continuation of his "Scripture Melodies."

With these views, he ventures to issue this little Work, as a precursor of something less concise, and consequently better adapted to a fuller indulgence of that train of thought, which will be found to characterize the Poems already produced.

It was the first design of the Author, when he thought of offering his Poems to the Public, to publish a Volume comprising about 200 pages, with a number of *Prose Sketches;* but on maturer reflection, that the Public might judge of the merits or demerits of his compositions, he concluded to limit the Work to a few pages only.

And now, after perusing these prefatory remarks, the Reader is requested to accompany the Writer through the pages now in his hand; and should he derive half the pleasure in their perusal, which was experienced in their composition, the desire of the Author will be amply gratified.

J. K. L.

St. John, N. B. 1838.

MARS' HILL.

This Mountain is about 35 miles nearly North of Woodstock. The Boundary Line between *British America* and the *United States* passes over it. It is elevated above the level country upwards of 2000 feet, and is the highest mountain in New-Brunswick. From its summit an exceedingly grand and beautiful prospect is afforded of the wilds of New-Brunswick and Maine.—The following Poem was written within full view of the Mountain, on my return to the Province, after several years' absence.

J. K. L.

"High Mountains are a feeling."—Byron.

The day has gone, and night is silv'ry robed;
For in the East the brilliant Queen of Love
Has fixed her bright pavilion, and she reigns
In lonely grandeur o'er the scenes of earth.
The burning diamonds of her azure court
Their glories have unveiled, and in their light
And beauty, soft as love, that nightly Queen
Alone is mistress of the cloudless heav'ns;
And I have wandered to a woody hill
To contemplate thy solitary pride,
Yet grand and beautiful, thou Mountain wild,
As now thou seem'st to me!

None hath sung thee!
As though thou wert some gloomy form exiled,
And man, with thee, would hold no intercourse!—
But he may build the mountain-pyramid,
And rear Colossus with a Titan-hand,
And raise mysterious Babel to the skies,—
But what are *they* to *thee!* thou storm-god's throne,
Dark forest-mountain isle, of Nature's art,
Built in these ocean-wilds, these drear abodes,
Where Desolation sweeps his stormy wing!

And while I contemplate thee, mountain wild!
Stupendous vestige of another world!

Thoughts crowd into my mind of ages past :—
Where wast thou ? when the Great Creator said
" LET THERE BE LIGHT !" or when his mighty deep
Gathered its waves together, as He spake,
With dread amazement then upraised thy form
To look upon His work ? or when His flood
To ruin swept a dark, rebellious world,
Did'st thou a monument against them rise ?—
Philosophy would teach us thou didst stand,
Through countless ages ere man had a being ;
That some convulsion of this mighty globe,
Has wrought thee as thou art ; that others may
Around thee rise, and thou yet disappear,
As sinks the bark amid an ocean-storm ;—
That ancient nations may have trod thy plains,
And gazed on thee with rapture, as I gaze,
And, with a singleness of heart sincere,
That well becomes the humble penitent,
Poured out their worship to the King of kings,
Who knoweth whether yet thy wilderness
Shall fade away, and fruitful fields appear !—
It may be so ! for as I look on thee,
There comes a voice that speaketh to the soul,
' *All ! all must change !*'—

The world was glorious—
Was far *more* glorious and great than now :
Each nation had its mighty men of war,
Pouring their myriads on the battle-field ;
And men had pow'r like angels, and their souls
Broke from the feeble bounds their vision gave—
Created worlds, and peopled every sphere
With beings of strange fancy, and strange power ;
And every song they sang flowed like a tide,
Rich, strong, and deep, enchanting all who heard.—
But Empires rise and vanish ! Babylon,
And Nineve were strong, and sent their wealth
Over proud Persia, and the Eastern seas,
As armaments of greatness. Carthage, too,
Like to the constellation where the Lion

Flames and careers, and rages in his power,
Looked on the world from her own jewelled home
As Leo on the train of Pleiades.
And Thebes, who sat rich mistress of old Nile,
Proud "City of the Sun"—Busiris' home,
Pouring forth armies through her hundred gates,
Was in her Eden-land like a strong isle
That braves the fury of the tempest-wave,
And heeds it not, but shines on in its pride.
And Syria's crown, Palmyra of the east,
The desert-queen, despising Roma's power,
Had her own marble-fanes and cloud-capped towers,
Halls of the richest splendour,—echoing back
Zenobia's angel-voice ; and silver founts
With flowers and perfumes rich as Sabea's gales :—
But now the weary pilgrim, as he goes
O'er Araby's drear desert, day by day,
Seeks her, and but a vestige of her pride—
The ruins of her former greatness—finds !
And where is Rome—the marvel of the world,—
Who knew no rival, and who feared no power ?—
Like Carthage, Babylon, Nineve, and Thebes,
Alas ! is shorn of all her dazzling beams,
And knows not now her seven-hilled home of yore.
And Greece !—where is *her* gorgeous splendour now ?
She's fallen—and all her splendour passed away,
Like pictures painted on the morning sky
By Phœbus' golden pencil, and eclipsed
When Fancy's power had wrought them to a charm,
And saw what most it loved !—Who would not weep
The heart's warm tears, which sacred Freedom calls
From every noble soul, for fallen fame,—
For glory, virtue, knowledge, veiled in death !—
For Empires worshipped Greece, and the world tho't
The gods had made her sunny clime their home.—
The Ottoman, in proudest luxury,
And ignorant as proud, has wasted her,—
And sways* his sceptre o'er those happy isles,

* Greece, within a few years, has become an independent State, and Otho, a Bavarian Prince, is at present, its King. It is, not-

That Paradise terrestrial, whence we draw
Rich thoughts of grandeur, beauty's images,
Enchanting tales, and wiles of sylvan loves.—
Oh! would that he had lived, whose soul was song,
The sport of life's dark tempests, and dark thoughts,
Whom the world praised, and yet the world knew not;
Whose spirit burned with Freedom's quenchless flame,
And, leaving Britain's homes, left all he loved,
To battle with the Turk—to fling away
His life for victory—to give to Greece
The freedom once she knew!—Oh! had he lived,
Who is there but would say *Greece would have known*
Another, *as Epaminondas, great,*
To lead her armies to the battle-field—
To gain her freedom and her name again?—
But Greece and Empires fall, like man, who builds
Their greatness to the skies, before that power,
That sweeps, with whirlwind-wing, man's efforts down,
And *all* but is *eternal!—Thou* shalt stand,
Bleak mountain! wild, and bold—shalt *ever* stand
A giant sentinel from earth to heaven,
The work of the Almighty Architect! till He,
Who drowned a world, and heaped its waters far
Above thy height, shall change thy rocky form!
Time writes no change for thee!—As thou hast been,
Thou art! alone—but ever beautiful!

And while, in silent thought, I look on thee,
Thou seemest an altar for the living God,
Where Nature, to present her praises, comes
Alone, and worships the Invisible!
Its temple-roof, the canopy of blue,—
Its quenchless lamps, the burning stars of God;
And its deep worship Nature's thrilling voice,
The tempest-sweeping blasts, and beating storms,
The muttering thunder's voice, dread as the 'sound
Of many waters;' and its symphonies,

withstanding, constantly under a system of misrule; and occurrences, manifesting the general discontent which prevails, are daily witnessed throughout the country.

Its low-breathed tones, from the still harp of Time,
Pealing forth melody to wake the soul
To higher, holier thought,—intenser being !

And thou art beautiful, all crowned with light,
So like a firmament of molten silver,
That one would think 'tis heaven's own glorious light
Thrown from the golden wings of angels,—who
Had come to gaze upon the stilly earth,
And watch some kindred spirits while they sleep.
There is no gorgeous cloud to mantle thee—
A robe embroidered by the sun's noon-beams,
As I have seen thee mantled. As 'twere morn
In all his glory, in Italia's clime,
The moon-beams deck thy brow with living smiles,
And clothe thy form with splendour, mountain wild !

And, at this silent hour, there's worship *now*—
For Spring has come with all her radiant train,
To clothe thy wintry wilds with flowers again,
And fill thy naked forests with her songs—
A grateful melody of grateful hearts,
To Him, the Great Creator, and who joys
In happiness like this.—To Him they sing ;
And the wild gushing streamlet at thy base,
As it leaps onward, calls on Him. The trees,
Like waving plumes, upon thy rocky brow,
Nod, in the breeze, obedience to His power.
Yes !—there is worship now !—see how yon stars,
Like morn's rich blazonry of glorious beams,
Are throwing down their radiance, to illume
Nature's wild temple-palace for her praise !—
If this is grateful praise, from voiceless tongues,
To Him who brought existence with a word,
Awake, thou sleeper, who hast better known
The deep-felt worship of a living soul
Communing with its God !—awake !—arise !
Throw off those dreams of grossness, which the world
Fetters upon the spirit in its flight
Up to its God and home—awake ! awake !

Hebrew Anthologies.

HEBREW ANTHOLOGY.

No. 1.

ABRAHAM OFFERING HIS SON ISAAC.

"And he said, take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains of which I shall tell thee. And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt-offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him."—*Gen.* xxii. 2 & 3 *v.*

'Twas eventide—and Abraham had left
His tent, to wander in the garden-grove, (1)
Which he had planted in Beersheba.
His flocks were gathered on the dewy grass,
And lay beneath the shade of the green trees,
As watched his servants o'er them. In her tent, (2)
With her young son, was Sarah, bowed in prayer;
And she had pressed him to her joyous heart,
And smiled upon her boy—for much she felt
The God to whom she prayed would make him blessed,
And multiply his kindred, as the stars
That gem the azure curtain of the sky.
Sweetly and fervently her prayer went up
To heaven's high throne, as woman's prayer ascends,
Making the loneliness of life less true,
And flinging round her home a thousand flowers,
That bloom but in her warm imaginings.—
Not for *herself* she prayed;—as woman oft
Forgets she wrestles with the ills of life,
And braves them for the quenchless love she feels
For the rich treasures of her heart;—her *son*,—
To bless his father's solitary days,
And see his children, as she saw her boy,
Press round their sire—was all she asked of heaven.
The boy knelt by his mother, as in prayer,—

(1) Gen. xxi—33.

(2) The *tents* of the females were separate—See Gen. xxiv—67 and xxxi—33.

With folded hands, as though he felt a form
Such as he had not seen, had come to hold
Communion with his mother. In her prayer,
He heard her ask a blessing on his life,
And wondered that she did not supplicate
A blessing for his brother, who had gone
He knew not whither (1).—When her prayer had ceased,
Then rose the mother, and she clasped her boy,
And pressed him thrillingly, as on his cheek
She gave the token which a mother knows
Springs from her soul's deep fount of tenderness.

The boy looked on his mother with a sigh,
And asked, where was his brother ?—for he felt,
(When he remembered how they oft had played
'Neath the tall trees together, as their shade
Fell o'er their father's tent, (2) and plucked the grapes,
The rich date and the fig, while fed the flocks
Around them carelessly) that he had gone
Far from him, and he asked when he would come
To play as they had played, for he was lonely.

When to her bosom she had pressed her boy,
Then answered Sarah ' with his mother, far,
He's gone, to journey for another home'—
Then turned the boy, and hid his face, and wept.—

The patriarch, old Abraham, long had held
Communion with his God, in the still night,
That was upon the earth ; he felt that He
Was the Eternal Being, who had formed
The glowing heav'ns above him—that He was
Equal to all His promises, and would
Redeem the world, as he had said. (3) And while
He bowed himself in prayer, down to the earth,
There came an angel from the highest heaven,
And hailed the patriarch. He knew it was
The angel of that God to whom he prayed ;

(1) Gen. xxi—14.
(2) Tents were generally under a shady tree—Gen. xviii—4.
(3) Gen. xxii—17 & 18.

And then he felt a peace which only they,
Who worship with a holiness of heart,
Can feel, nor did he then refuse to hold
High converse with the angel. 'Abraham'—
Forth spake the heav'n-sped messenger,—'arise,
And take thine only son, whom thou dost love
So tenderly, and on Moriah's hills
Haste thou, and offer him in sacrifice
To HIM, whom thou dost worship.'—
And forthwith,
When thus the angel spake, a fiery cloud
Gathered around, and wafted him to heaven.
Then, long the patriarch looked on, and wondered
If 'twere the angel who on Mamre's plains, (1)
Foretold the birth of Isaac, and had said
That in his kindred should the world be blessed.
It was to him a mystery, that he should
Now offer up his son in sacrifice;
But yet he felt JEHOVAH'S arm could raise
Up from the flaming pile the offered Son,
And multiply his offspring, and it should
Yet be as He had said. Then to the ground
The patriarch bowed himself, and called on God
To stay his troubled spirit, and impart
The grace that would resign him to His will.—

The night was beautiful.—Forth from the sea
Came the soft breezes fraught with spice and myrrh
Far to the east, upon old Carmel's hills,
The moon was shining brightly, and her beams,
As fell they to the earth, gave hill and wood
A soft, a silvery beauty. Farther on
Were yet the cities of Jehovah's wrath; (2)
And Abraham thought upon the burning day,
When flames of fire, like whirlwind-clouds, came down
From heav'n and consumed them, and a thrill
Of speechless awe shot thro' his holy soul.

(1) Gen. xxi—14.
(2) Sodom and Gomorrah had been destroyed two or three years before this time.

He felt how strong was God,—how dread His power,
When risen to take vengeance on the earth ;
That but His frown was death—His smile a life
That knew no sorrow, but the feeble ills,
That nature fetters on the contrite heart
That owns His worship ; and 'twere better far
To feel that God was his, and would withhold
No blessing from the worshipper ; that He
Keeps all the destinies of man, and rules
His universe of wonders with an eye
That sweeps at once its glories. And again,
Deeply and fervently, went up his prayer,
Breathing " *Thy will be done !*"—Then he arose
And walked his garden-grove, and passed the night
In prayer and meditation.—

Morning flung
His cloudless beams upon the dewy earth,
And glowed the desert of Beersheba,
With pearl-drops of the night. The cedar rose
In lofty pride, and peer'd above the clouds.
The palm, and rich pomegranate bent their boughs,
As played the morning zephyrs with the dews
That glistened on their leaves ; and sweetly there,
Among the branches, sang the feathered choir ;
And from Philistia's plains, the morning airs
Brought a rich fragrancy upon their wings.
The hum of early bees was on the air,
As roamed they for the honied dews that slept
Upon the fruit-trees, and the blooming flowers
Within the grove of Abraham. And high
Towered up the eagle in the morning's blaze,
As sought she for her prey. The pitying stork
Passed to the wilderness, as on his wings
He bore his aged sire. The patriarch
Gazed on with tenderness and wept, for he
Had felt that when the hand of time should seal
His brow with deeper age, thus would his boy
Nurture his feeble sire.—His eldest-born
Was, for him, sent an outcast from his home,

To wander in the wilderness ; and now
It was the will of Heav'n that he should slay,
With *his own* hand his tenderly loved son,
And offer him in sacrifice. Oh ! *then*
He felt how lonely was his pilgrimage ;—
And all the father's heart was broken up—
The soul's deep fount of feeling, and he wept
And called upon his God to spare his son,
His *only* son, if it were possible ;
For now he loved him with a father's joy,
And built high hopes upon his future life ;
And were it thus his fate, to bleed and die,
Oh ! would that Heav'n could spare the dreadful deed
To be accomplished by a *father's* hand !
The patriarch wept aloud,—and as one doomed
To feel the wrath of an offended king,
To wander from his own dear, native home,
And leave its treasures there,—his wife and babe,
Whom he had loved too tenderly to tell,
But with quick tears of rapture, and to feel
That they were sundered ever from his eyes,—
To see no more the melting innocence
That robed his smiling boy, or know the voice,
And priceless love that long had made his home,
And were his heart's rich jewels,—as he feels
The arrowed truth rush on his yearning soul,
He writhes in agony and bitter tears,—
Thus nature wrung the aged father's heart,
As mourned he for his boy.—
The morning meal
Was ready, and they gathered round the board.
The patriarch looked to heav'n, and of his God
Calmly he craved a blessing ; but a tear
Stole from its troubled rest, as woman's smile
Springs from a heart of sorrow, when the world
Has severed the last tie that chained her soul
To but *one* treasure, and her lonely lot
To pine in secret, like a stricken dove,
And smile,—if yet one pleasure bid her smile—
Oh ! could you see her spirit's mould'ring urn,

And see the quick smile rushing to her cheek,
You'd say that purest heav'n were dwelling there !—

The simple meal was ended.—Isaac came
From out the garden-grove, where he had been
To pluck the ripe fig, and the juicy grape,
As tokens for his mother.---Sarah smiled,
And tenderly she kissed her lovely boy ;—
But *mourned* the *father*---and the inner tent
He walked apart, as would some lonely one
Seeking communion with departed friend,
And groaned in spirit :---and again the tear
Rushed quickly to his eye. Sarah had felt
That grief preyed on his spirits, but she thought
He mourned for *him*, whom she had sent away,
His eldest son, an outcast from his home ;
And now she asked if for him thus he mourned ?
Then Abraham told her 'twas the will of God,---
And he had sent His angel in the night---
That he should go, and on Moriah's hills
Offer a sacrifice, and his loved son
Must journey with him through the forest drear.
The anxious mother asked why thus her son
Must journey through the lonely desert-wilds ?
But Abraham replied " *'tis Heav'n's will,*
And we must not refuse t' obey that will."

He gathered then his servants, and in prayer,
His soul went up to God, to ask the grace
That would support his spirit, and allay
The murmurings of nature, and protect,
As on he journeyed thro' the wilderness ;
And while far distant from his happy home,
That He would shield it from the wrongs of foes.
Then he arose, and for his journey, stored
The scrip with food ;---with water from his well (1)
A vessel filled ; and clave the offering-wood ;
And made him ready for Moriah's hills.

Sarah again embraced her lovely boy,

(1) Genesis xxi—30.

And asked her God to bless him ; for she feared
The lonesome wilderness with danger fraught,
And wept again, as she had not yet wept.
To Heav'n's will the patriarch was resigned,
And now assured the mother God would shield
From every ill her darling's life and his.—

The son and sire had parted. Through the wilds,
That border on Philistia, they took
Their onward way, and on the western plains
Of Mamre, made their resting-place that night.
The moon's bright lamp above them, gave the sky
Its wonted brilliancy. The barren hills,
That stretch along the sea from Lebanon,
Rose high above them in their beauteous pride,
As glowed their crystal-tops, like snowy clouds
Fraught with the sunlight of a vernal day.
All sweetly slumbered, but the patriarch,
For he had wandered to a distant hill
That overlooked the sea, and the broad plains, (1)
Where dwelt he once, when Heav'ns high messengers
Foretold the birth of Isaac. As he looked
With eye intent on the familiar scenes,
Then memory brought the joys of other days ;
And there he thought how peaceful was his lot,
And full of promised happiness. Alone
And unmolested, as he worshipped God,
His days passed sweetly on. He sought to know
Beyond all knowledge, the high will of God.
He thought on Death as a sweet messenger,
Sent from above to call him to that home,
To which he longed to go. But when he knew
That heav'n would bless him in his riper age
In giving him a son, he felt that life
Was a sweet boon indeed.—

The silver sea,
That laved Philistia's western shores, was calm
And lovely in its rest. The full-orbed moon,
And the bright beaming of the cloudless stars,

(1) Gen. xiii—12, xiv—13, and xviii—1.

Had fallen upon its bosom. Every breeze
Was hushed, as though it felt a spirit-form
Was bending from above to make the earth
A resting place that night. And thus the sire,
As on the beauteous scenes around he gazed,
Felt that the warring passions of his heart,
Should be as calm, when the full light of heaven
Breaks on the soul. He looked upon his home,
And sighed and inly wept, for now he felt
That all its charms were gone, and he was left
A lone and wretched one; and soon the deed
Would be accomplished, which would make his name
A by-word and a curse; and those, who sought
His favour and his friendship, as a fiend
Would shun him, in whose bosom, dark and deep,
Lay passions, which the heart should never feel
To thrill its life-blood *once*.---To slay his son,
With the *same hand*, which oft had led the boy
From early infancy, were a dark deed,
That would war with his conscience, and dethrone
The reason of his soul.—As he must bleed,
His only son, and, by the altar's flame,
In sacrifice to Heav'n, be consumed,
It would be *sweet* to die, and let the deed
Be executed by another's hand.
And yet he did not murmur---He had seen
Jehovah's wrath consume the fruitful plain (1)
Of Jordan and its cities, and he knew
It was their sins that caused their overthrow !---
But yet he looked not on the beauties, thrown
So gloriously around him---The bright stars,
With all night's splendour, were to him a death
That preyed upon his soul; for other days,
In which he led his boy among the fields
To look upon the spangled firmament, (2)
Rushed quickly to his mind. Yet he was calm,
And all resigned to Hea'vn's supreme command;
But still within him lived a father's heart,

(1) Gen. xiii—10. (2) Gen. xxiv—63.

Telling how quenchless is its flame divine !—
A cloud that veiled the brightness of the moon,
Passed down the eastern sky ; and as he looked
Upon its gloomy form, the ruined plain,
As fell the moonlight on it, caught his gaze.
Again he thought upon the wrath of GOD---
The burning of that fire, which came from heaven,
And overthrew the cities. And again
The patriarch bowed submissively in prayer,
And breathed again, THY will, O GOD ! be done !---
THOU art the RIGHTEOUS JUDGE of all the earth !" (1)

Morning was up again with all its beams ;
And when the meal was closed, they journeyed on,
To seek Moriah's hills.

Another eve
Came with its brightness o'er the blooming earth ;
And the wayfarers tarried for the night
Beside the brook of Eschol. Abraham,
When the repast of evening had closed,
Bowed with his servants and his son, in prayer ;
And there before his God, poured out his soul.
Then he arose and called his smiling boy,
And to his bosom pressed him tenderly ;
And told him they should, on the coming day,
Be at their journey's end. A joyous smile
Beamed on his face, for now he thought of home,
His mother, and the ones (2) with whom he played,
Making his home a world of happy hours,
And thought he of no other. But the heart
Of Abraham was stayed upon his God,
And calmly all resigned, though now he felt
How full of hopes uncertain were the days
Of his beloved boy. How dark a veil
Hung o'er his life, and yet he knew it not ;—
Perchance another sun might be the last
To set upon his childhood.—

Weariness,
Through many a painful hour, and sleepless night,

(1) Gen. xxiii—25. (2) Gen. xiv—14.

At last o'ercame the father, and he slept ;
And when he 'woke, the rosy blush of morn
Had tinged the face of nature. Pearly dews,
On the rich palm-trees bending o'er the stream,
Hung like the stars of a soft, summer-night—
Though not so richly grand, as beautiful,
The sky-work of some spirit-hand, it seemed.
The feathered songster sang his morning hymns
Of gratitude and praise, on every tree.
The turtle-dove was perched upon the palm
That threw its shade about him, wooing there
The parent of his young. The patriarch
Felt all was beautiful,—though not to him
The morning's beauty, as it oft had been ;—
And thanked the God of nature for his love
And goodness to His creatures—for the peace,
That was within him now, he never knew.—
He felt the God he worshipped could not err,
And yet would bless the remnant of his days.—

High in the distance rose Moriah's hills
Bright streaming in the sunlight. Abraham
Beheld them and departed. (1) Long before
The sun had left the sky, Moriah's top
Before them tow'red in grandeur. There they paused (2
And made them ready to ascend the mount.

Clouds gathered round the mountain, and the sky
Grew dark and lowering. Lightning flashed around,
And thunders pealed, resounding through the sky.
As up the hill they trod, oft paused the boy,
Bearing the offering-wood. (3) The evening breeze
Played with his silken tresses, as it swept
The mountain's cloudy top. And as the boy
Bore on the offering-wood, he asked his sire
Where was the lamb for sacrifice ? (4) Replied
The sire, God *will provide Himself a lamb.* (5)
And when the mountain's lofty top was gained,
They built an altar—laid thereon the wood ; (6)

(1) Gen. xxii—4. (2) Gen. xxii—5. (3) Gen. xxii—6.
(4) Gen. xxii—7. (5) Gen. xxii—8. (6) see remaining chap.

And then the hour was come, in which the sire
Should slay his only son. He called the boy,
And laid him on the pile, and raised the knife
To take his life away. His spirit's power,—
The feeling, that oft swayed the father's heart,
Was gone ; and as the thunders broke again,
And shook the mount, and the fierce lightnings flashed,
With awful dread around, he felt that GOD,—
JEHOVAH,—had come down *to save his son*,
For He would not thus make the elements
To war with mortal man, while HIS command,—
HIS Holy Will, the creature sought to do.—
And as the thunder broke again, and deep,
He turned him and beheld a flaming cloud
Circling a radiant form.—Broke forth a voice,
Within the burning cloud, "*forbear ! forbear !*
Slay not thy Son !—God from his lofty throne
Has seen thee do His will ; and now the world
May know that GOD is Great, and thou dost fear him !"
And as the patriarch turned himself to look,
He saw a lamb entangled ;—on the pile,—
The altar ready, there he offered it,
A sacrifice instead of his loved son—

Oh ! what stupendous love and grace had Heaven
In rich reserve for man !—Ages passed on,
And came the day, when on Moriah's hills,
The Son of the MOST HIGH, in sacrifice,
The LAMB OF GOD, that cleanseth from all sin,
Was offered for the guilt of a lost world !

NO. II.

BIRTH OF THE SAVIOUR.

"And there was in the same country Shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night; and lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid; and the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord."

Luke, 11 *chap*—8 *to* 11 *v.*

The sun had laid his brow on Ev'ning's breast,
And such a night as soon would robe the world,
Was not upon the earth, since that which closed
The work of its creation,—when the stars
Gemmed the new firmament like diamond-worlds;
When heav'n's enraptured hosts paused in their themes
Of adoration and high mystery,
To join in chorus, and a louder song,
And shout for joy o'er new-created worlds,—(1)
As that which came upon Judea's hills,
The birth-night of our God.—

There swept a flood
Of living radiance from the cloudless moon,
Across night's canopy, adorned with stars,
So glorious, so grandly, beautiful,
It seemed the gates of heav'n had opened wide,
To cast its brightness on the curtained world
And win man back to bliss!—

Jerusalem,
Upon Moriah's hill, where Abraham
Once took his only son to offer him (2)
In sacrifice to God,—gleamed through the night,
And was the traveller's welcome beacon-star,
As trod he to the city. Slowly walked
Up Olivet's green hills, as plucked they oft
The fresh grass and the grape-leaves, which had grown

(1) Job xxxviii—7. (2) ii Chron. iii—1.

Beside the way,—the laden caravan,
With Zidon's mart, and robes and dyes of Tyre,
And paused without Jerusalem,—for now
The gates were closed, and on its towered walls
The sentinels were watching. Proudly rose
King Herod's marble-palace with its domes ;
And fell its shadows like blue, silken clouds,
That, in their softness, had been wooed to earth,
To press its pulseless bosom. Richly shone
The clear moonbeams, as slept they on the flowers
Within the hanging gardens of the King,
Now giving out their fragrance to the breeze,
That, like a spirit, walked the dewy earth,
To revel in its beauty. Grandly rose,
Above King Herod's palace and its towers,
The glorious temple of King Solomon ;
And as if conscious of the thoughts of heav'n,
The prophecy oft said within its walls,
That God, Eternal, should appear on earth,
Seemed now to raise its consecrated form
Up to angelic homes, to know if *this*
Were not the birth-night of the Infant God.
Through the arched windows streamed the rich moonlight,
And softly blended with the golden hues,
Thrown from the holy oracle of God.
The lofty ceiling overlaid with gold,
And the carved cherubim upon the walls,
The golden chariots which around them stood,
The palm-trees, and the flower's, the brilliant stones,
The marble-pillars and the sea of brass,
All like the sinless home of angels, shone ;
And on the brazen altar, radiantly,
The moonbeams, glimmering like a sea of gold,
Its grandeur and its holiness revealed.
The prayers were gone, the deep and fervent prayers
By woman said, (1)—but for the sins of man—
For 'twas the calm of midnight, yet there was

(1) Luke 11—37.

Still left a fragrance of the incense burnt.
There hung the veil, that parted many an eye,
That flashed as bright, and many a heart as warm,
As those of Jewish maidens. How it hung,
Suspended from the lofty ceiling down
And trailed the marble-floor! And yet how strange
That it should part the Gentile from the Jew,
And veil the holy things of life and heaven,—
The worship of JEHOVAH, who had deigned
To own the temple with His presence bright!
O! how mysterious and how fathomless
Are the high workings of the *mind* of GOD!—
It was a glorious night, and such a night,
Light, shade, the stars, love, beauty, in their league,
Could never form to robe the midnight-world!
The HIGHEST had smiled on the nightly world
And now that smile was flashing through the sky,
In light and love incomprehensible,
For with *our nature* He had clothed His SON!
This was His birth-night, but His death would show
The glory of His grace! That parting veil
Should be, by pow'r unseen, asunder riven!—(1)

How beautiful and glorious then appeared
GOD's *dwelling place with mortals!*—Silence reigned
In solemn and in lonely majesty.
The tow'rs in proud sublimity arose,
And frowned upon the sleeper, that lay couched
Beneath the shady palms, or on the grass,
The weary Gentile, who had hither come
To seek a home within Jerusalem.
Silence hung o'er the city, like a cloud;
And sleep had lulled each mortal with its charms,
To its forgetfulness, save the lone watcher,
The Roman sentinel, upon the walls,
With spear and armour, gleaming in the night,
And casting down their brightness to the earth,
As to-and-fro' he trod.

(1) Matthew xxvii—51.

And Lebanon,
With its old consecrated forest-groves,
In beauty and magnificence appeared.
Its blooming vales lay stretched away, beneath,
Giving their fragrance to the midnight-hour.
Bright shone the bosom of Genesaret ;
And like a scroll of silver it was spread,
Unrolled away to its green, shady banks,
Where bent the long reeds, and the willow-boughs
Whose sweeping leaves lay on the silver sea,
Like the soft cheek of childhood, in its dreams,
Upon the mother's breast. Old Jordan's waves
Were hushed to softer murmurs in their course.
The waving grass, that bent o'er its rich banks,
And down the verdant hills, wooed the soft breeze,
That swept its silken tresses, as it passed
From Gilead's palmy vales, to wander where
The spicy flow'rs of Jewish gardens, slept.
There went up wreathing curls of vapour, flung
From Ephraim's pure fountains, clustering round
The old grey rocks of Olivet, and fell
In silver-pearl drops on its garden-groves,
Where bloomed the myrtle and the juicy fig,
Half hid in its green foliage : there the myrrh
And the rich aloes threw upon the air
Their breath of fragrance, that went up to heaven,
A living incense, holier far than that
Offered on Jewish altars.

Bethlehem lay
In Ephraim's rich valley like a star
Within its home of beauty. On its plains
The shepherds yet unwearied kept their flocks,
A happy band of kindred, unskilled in
The wars and the deceits of the great world.
Their music now was hushed, and they reclined
Together, as their snowy flocks lay crouched
Beneath the sycamore and broad palm's shade,
Upon the dewy grass. And now they held
Communion with each other, on the works,

The beautiful and the mysterious works,
Of the Great God. They gazed upon the stars,
As Babylonia's shepherds watching them,
The clustering constellations pointing out,
From where Aquarius pours his wat'ry urn,
To where the North Star points the rolling earth.
As they looked upward to the glorious spheres,
A thrill of holy rapture warmed each heart ;
And then the language sung upon the hills
Of old Jerusalem in midnight-walks,
By Israel's devout and holy Bard,
Burst forth again with rapture : " What is man !
That THOU, JEHOVAH ! should'st e'er notice him,
When I consider these, which THOU hast made
The moon and stars, THY wisdom's handiwork !"—(1)
Then they remembered what the prophet said, (2)
That He, who stretched those shining heav'ns abroad,
Would be incarnate and Judea's King ;—
It was to them a mystery how He
Would come, JEHOVAH, and could dwell with men,
When he, who said that God should reign on earth, (3)
Bowed down with awe and said he should not live,
For he had seen the dazzling of His throne,
The burning glory of its mighty King,
And seraphs melting with His holy praise.
Then that deep silence, which he only knows,
Whose soul has seen the steppings of his God,
And felt that He was nigh,—fell on their hearts.
As bowed they down to worship, lo ! there comes
A brightness shot like lightning from the sky ;
And then a rush of air, and stronger glow
Of radiance fell upon them.—But, behold !
An angel bends his burning wing to earth !
Clouds, shadowless, wait on him, such as veiled
The HIGH and HOLY ONE on Sinai's top.—
Fear seized upon the shepherds, and they fell
Prostrate upon the earth, speechless with awe.—
" Fear not" ! in glory, burst the angel's voice,

(1) Psalms, viii—3. (2) Isa. ix—6. (3) Isa. vi.

Behold I bring you tidings of great joy,
Which shall be to all nations ! Now is born
In Bethlehem, a Saviour, Christ, the LORD !
And by this ye may know it : ye shall find
Him in his birth-robes in a manger laid !"—

But while he spake, there swept the glowing sky
Harps of celestial minstrelsy. A choir
Of seraphs left their worship round the throne
Of God, to mingle in the blissful theme
Of higher praise and glory to their King.
They came in robes of burning brilliancy
Of heav'n's bright glory, such as they had worn
Since time was but a thought, and lay enshrined
Within JEHOVAH'S mind. Such holy grace,
With which they swept their harps of richest gold,
The spirit's high imaginings never knew !—
O ! how their holy songs pealed through the night,
With highest praise of melody, for bliss—
Such bliss, as never swelled their harps before,—
That God would save His creature, man, from woe,
By sending down to earth His only Son
To be incarnate and to bleed and die,—
Had fallen upon them now.—" To God" ! they sang,
" Glory in highest strains !"—

O ! sweeter far than man
Had ever fancied in sublimest dreams
Of melody and bliss, did those sweet strains,
Those tidings of a world's salvation, come
Forth from their spirit-voices and bright harps !—
And higher still they sang, and brighter glowed
The glory unsubdued, that clothed them round.—
The plains of David, like a diamond-sea,
Streaming with brilliancy, that on them fell,
All beautifully lay, and flinging up
O'er Ephraim's hills its brightness. The broad sky
Hung like a sheet of burning glass, unrolled,
And seemed as though 'twere dropping to the earth,
The chariot-clouds, that winged the angels down,
Now glowed like crystal-hills, and clustered they

Together, as these glorious harpers lay
Upon them, and enwreathed with their cymars.—
" Glory to God ! and on the earth good will,
And peace to man !" broke from their harps again ;
And then they faded, as the sun would set,
With all his brightness, mildly from the world.
Still from their harps came the sweet minstrelsy,
As pealed it rapt'rously through the bright sky,
Until the gates of heav'n received them from
The gazing shepherds.—Then a moveless joy
Came over the night-watchers, for the songs
Hymned by the heav'nly choir, thrill'd thro' their souls
And, drying up the sources of expression,
Melted their hearts in ecstacy of bliss !
They bowed themselves down to the fresh, green earth,
And worshipped God, for his stupendous love
In sending to the world his only Son,
Made known to them by angels.—

Morn was up
In all his glory o'er Judea's hills.
His golden blush of dawn was flung upon
Bethlehem's blooming-gardens. Far away,
High in the flash of the ascending sun,
Hung clouds o'er Ephraim's mountains, gracefully
Wreathing the soft sunlight. And Bethlehem,
The city of King David, was bathed in
The flood of morning's beams. Its castle-walls, (1)
The ruins of its tow'rs, and palace, streamed
In the sun's gorgeous light ; and through the Inn (2)
Of Bethlehem, the morning radiance shone,
And fell upon a cherub infant there,
That slept within a manger.—Oh, how soft
And beautiful the slumbers on him pressed !—

(1) Chron. xi.—5.

(2) " The Inns, mentioned in the Scriptures, were the same as the Caravansaras of the East, of the present day,—in which travellers can rest themselves, and find shelter for their cattle. The Saviour was born in one of these places, at Bethlehem ; and as all the rooms were full, his parents were obliged to take shelter in a cattle shed." " *Manners and customs of the Jews.*"

The lofty palaces of kings have seen
The birth of monarchs, but they suited not,
As did the lowliness of that rough stall,
The birth-place of the Infant God of Heaven !

The snowy flocks upon Bethlehem's plains,
Wandered, unguided, o'er the dewy fields,—
For now the shepherds had departed, and
With haste they trod the road to Bethlehem.
They knew the Inn, and round the manger pressed,
Where, as had said the angel, lay the babe ;
And, as upon the Infant Majesty
They looked, there verged a circle round his head
Of rays of heav'nly glory, like the glare
That circled, erst, the seraph-choir they heard
Praising and glorifying God, upon
The midnight-plains—but yet a thousand times
More pure and beautiful.

With melting hearts
Of joy, they worshipped there, the infant God,
And giving glory to the King of Kings,
For His stupendous love, that He had shown
In sending down His Son, the Prince of Heaven,
To be a Saviour for a fallen world.
Their souls broke forth in rapture, and they sang
" *Glory and honour to th' Eternal King !*"—

As they departed from the Babe of Heaven,
The forests and the hills, in echoes sweet,
Answered their joyful songs, as they returned
To spread the tidings of the SAVIOUR'S BIRTH.

Scripture Melodies.

SCRIPTURE MELODIES.

No. 1.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

"There the weary be at rest"—*Job.* iii—17.

O when from life's sky, the last sunbeam has vanished,
And darkness comes down like a storm on the sea,
And the spirit now seems to be lonely and banished,
And the world rolls its billows unbroken and free,
O how sweet to the sleeper will then be the rest,
To lie low in dust, earth's funereal home,
While the spirit has gone to the world of the blest,
To join in its songs and partake of its bloom !

And thus should the weary one rest, in his sleep,
Untroubled and calm, like an infant's repose !—
Life's ocean its billows still onward may sweep,
And darkly may burn the deep anger of foes,
But they all are unhear'd.—To the dull voice of Time,
No echo the home of the slumb'rer shall give ;—
Not a sound that it hears ever comes from life's clime,
It is heard in a world where the spirit may live !

Oh ! then who would wake up the dreamer of bliss,
To pass through earth's valleys all lonely again !—
For the dark deeds of life, might, perchance, have been his,
And the hot pulse of hatred rush through ev'ry vein !
O, wake not the dreamer ! but let him sleep on !
And though by his slumbers the eye hath grown dim,
And the heart ceased to feel, and the spirit be gone,
Still, "the clods of the vale shall be sweet unto him!"

No. II.

BEYOND THE TOMB.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and the Lamb. And in either side of the river was there the Tree of Life. *** And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither the light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever." REVELATIONS xxii.

How bright is the land which no mortal has seen,
With its streams ever flowing, and fields ever green,—
Where none ever go but the spirit of love,—
Is the home of our hearts! the fair Eden above!

In the midst of that Eden a crystalline river,
Flows out from the throne of the King, and forever;
And, as onward it goes to eternity's ocean,
There are melody, beauty, and life in its motion.

And the sunlight ne'er falls on that Paradise-clime,
It is far, far beyond the revolving of Time;
But the King of that world gives it brightness and joy,
Which no cloud can obscure, and no grief can alloy!

Oh! then, who would stay in this dark world of woe,
And ne'er seek the home of the blissful to know?
Where the weary one ever from sorrow may rest,
And unite, in adoring the King, with the blest!

POEMS, Descriptive, &c.

TO THE DEPARTED SPIRIT OF A FRIEND.

" Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath ;
And stars to set—but all—
Thou hast *all* seasons for thy own, oh Death."

MRS. HEMANS.

'Tis done at last ! Consumption's wasting hand
Has, in thy bright career, arrested thee !
And now, while I'm alone, and it is night,
And yonder glorious blazonry of stars
Comes like a spirit-vision to the earth,
Robing the world with splendor, I would turn
From all the grossness of this dreamy life,
To mingle converse with thee ; for I feel
Thou art my spirit's guardian, and dost watch,
As bending often from thy sphere of light
And beauty, none but angels ever knew.—

Then I would ask of thee, friend of my youth,
Lorenzo ! say, is thine abode of light,
Pure, bright, and beautiful, without one shade,
As soft and pearly as the light cast down
From the full crescent of a cloudless moon ?
Are there no stars to shed their glory down
And gem the pathway of thy upper flight,
Like pearls that glitter in the diadems
Of the adoring myriads, that bow down
And worship round the dazzling throne of God ?
Is that a clime of never-changing bloom,
With skies of radiant mildness, soft and pure ?
Are there no sunny streams, with golden shores,
Save that which flows out from the throne of God ?
And are there living fountains, where the heart,
Wounded and broken, will again be healed ?
Or are there none among thy happy throng,
Now weary, who have left this vale of tears,
Their dear hopes blasted, and affections crushed ?—
None—none !—it is a world of endless bliss—

Nought, nought of earth is there!—tho' there are clouds
Tinged with the quenchless light that is shed down
Upon those plains of golden beauty, where
The Paradise of God forever blooms,
And changeless verdure knows the tree of life.
There are no stars, but those that gem the crowns
Of angel-worshippers, that ever bow
Before the throne of heaven, or glitter on
The pearly gates and canopy of gold
Of that eternal world.—And 'tis a clime
Of ever-sunny mildness, and whose skies,
Cloudless and pure, bend down their sapphire-light.
And there are streams that gladden Paradise,
And angels stooping, as they sing, to taste.—

Oh, then, the joys of earth, how transient they!
How insignificant! compared with those
Of that bright world, where thou art, happy one!
Then how, Lorenzo, could I wish thee back
From thine own home of light and purity,
Profusely shed from heav'n's all-glorious Sun,
Where not a sigh disturbs thy rapt'rous smiles!
Nor can the visions, bright and beautiful,
That gild the wings of Hope of mortal clime,
Once mingle with thy glorious songs of praise!

But thou art gone!—gone ere the glass of Time
Had numbered out thy fleeting years *one score.*—
Thine was a life of spotless purity;
And in thy bold imaginings of thought,
And thy wild visions of the fancied bliss
Of thousands, thou would'st pause, and say to me,
'*It is not real.*'—

And thy deep solitudes
Were the still groves, and streams, and woody lawns,
And meadows sere, and mountain-majesty.—
Thy spirit panted for the richer draughts
Of the pure streams, that flow out from the springs
Of everlasting beauty. And thy thirst
Was deep, burning, and insatiable, for those
Sweet waters that refresh the weariness

Of life. Thy weary hours and waking nights
Of studious toil, oft passed in treasuring up
The classic lore of Athens and of Rome ;
But most thy ardent hope, that thou would'st quench
Thy spirit's thirst upon their golden shores,
And roam amid their ruined beauty ;—*these*,
Alas ! thy hopes and wishes, passed from thee,
Like the soft radiance of a summer cloud,
Darkened and driven by the rising storm !—
All—all have vanished,—and, perchance, thy friends
May soon forget how thou wast stirred within,
By Hope's pervading spirit ; and thy Mother,
Thy Sister, too, long may lament and sigh
For thy return from the abode of spirits.—

Lorenzo ! we were friends together here ;
And now that thou art gone, I fancy oft
I hear thy voice, like low soft echoes from
Oblivion's shadows, whispering around,
As if to summon me, from this lone world,
To thine abode of bliss. It stirs my soul
Within me, and, Lorenzo, had I power,
Fain would I call thee back to earth's loved scenes ;
But would'st thou have me *now*, Lorenzo, seek
The beauty of the budding blossoms, spread
O'er Nature's blooming garden, and to wreathe
A sunny garland for my brow, and feast
My spirit on the beauty thou did'st love ?—
Rather, Lorenzo, let my spirit bow
At heav'n's pure altar, where *thy* spirit bowed.
Thou taught'st me, by the deep humility,
To bow and worship with a passionless
Enthusiasm, that the wearied spirit
Might bear away, upon its snowy wings,
The glorious beauty of the upper world !

And when thou felt'st the ebbing of life's pulse,
The beauties of the world were nought to thee.
Thou turned'st aside from all its loveliness,
As from some distant and delusive vision,
Thine inward gaze on heav'n's unfolding light

To fix,—and said'st " scenes of my youth, farewell!
The gates of heaven will soon receive me from you!—
Come, come blest spirits! bear me to your home!"

Forthwith the glorious trance began—and soon
Light, fadeless and ineffable, burst forth
Upon thy raptured vision!—

Thou art blest,
Before the great white throne of heaven's King!
Forever joining in His glorious praise!
Supremely blest; and like a beam of light,
That brighter shines in its own sunlit home,
Art happier in thy home of endless bliss,
Uniting with the rapturous song of saints
And angels, who adore thy glorious God!—

But, could'st thou be, Lorenzo, *still* as blest,
My angel-guardian I would have thee be,
As tread I thro' the weary way of life;
That from blest Virtue and Religion's path,
I may not wander in this lonely world!

THE DYING YOUTH.

" He spoke of his return to his native land, with characteristic delight; and this hope never deserted him. It seemed never to have entered his mind, that this consolation would be denied him; that Death would thwart even those fond anticipations.—' I soon shall be well enough,' said he."—*Prof. Longfellow's Outre Mer.*

He was a Son of Erin's golden isle,
Who had been taught to worship Him, who knows
The inmost secrets of the human heart:
And he had wandered from his own green home
To seek the sunnier clime of Italy,—
To look upon the ruins of past years,
And in a temple for the living God,
Unknown to the gay world, to pass his life,
That he might mingle with congenial souls
His heart's warm worship; for a quenchless flame,

Enkindled from above, was burning there.—

But a few years had gone, and he was changed !
He lay upon a couch, subdued by pain,
And all was quiet as the last still home
Death has for mortals.—It was eventide,
And the calm closing of a glorious day ;
An hour of beauty which no words can paint ;
And the young dying pilgrim turned his eye,
That yet was brightly beaming, to behold
The glowing ' City of the Seven Hills ;'
For sol's last beams were on it. Dome and fane,
And marble-ruins glowed like burnished gold,
All imaged on the Tiber's bosom calm,
As though there were another City there.
And, as each gentle zephyr, half subdued,
(As if to look upon the holy charm,
Or bringing whispers of departed friends,)
Brought on its silken wings, from citron-groves,
A balmy fragrance up the flower-gemmed hill.—
He looked upon the beauty of the hour,
And turned and wept. High thoughts, as angels have,
Which knows not words, rushed in upon his mind,
Of all the charms of home, and early friends,
Came like a spirit-vision to his view !
Earth had no charms beside, and nought but heaven
Was half so glorious to his yearning soul.
' O, I shall see the friends of early days—
My Mother, and my home again : I shall
Be well enough to see them soon,' he said ;—
But the quick current of his heart's warm pulse
Was ebbing as he spoke.—His eye grew dim ;
And the dark mist Death's angel shrouds us in,
Was falling on him fast ;—and like some bird
Caught and bewildered, but when sunlight breaks
In beauty on him, and his leafy home,—
And sweetly come the voices of glad throats,
And the lone captive with a joyous wing,
Flies to his heav'n of light and melody—
So passed the spirit of the sufferer
To join its kindred in the sinless world.—

'Twas evening's hour again, and all was still—
Quiet and beautiful as the calm sleep
Of that meek spirit, that had gone to God ;
And a small company of brotherhood,
Arrayed in sable robes, with solemn step,
Were bearing to a lonely grave, beneath
A cypress tree, his much endeared remains.
They gathered round the grave, and then was read
Slowly and solemnly the burial rite ;—
Then a sweet requiem, from hearts devout,
Was sung, and wafted to the throne of heaven ;
And twilight gathered o'er the holy scene,
And then they left the sleeper to his rest.

COME TO ME !

Sister ! the sky is a gleam of gold,
For his garments of light has morn unrolled ;
And now the song of the early bird,
Like the voice of Love, from the grove is heard—
Come to me ! for the spirit of spring
Is shedding bloom from her passing wing !

The morn has gone, and our fount is bright,
Like a diamond-pearl, in noon-day light ;
The sun is throwing his burning beams
On the hill and field, in golden gleams,—
And the bird has flown to the shady bough—
O, come to me, for I'm weary now !

And come to me, when the crystal-cloud
Floats o'er earth, like a spirit-shroud ;
While the west is tinged with crimson sheen—
While rainbow-dyes on the sky are seen,
Ere the evening sun with setting beams,
Shall pass from the sky like childhood's dreams.

And, dearest, come, when the day is gone,
And his magic charms are all withdrawn !
Come—and we'll go where the rose is wet
With the dew, as it sleeps by the violet ;
And a starlit rill is gushing there—
O, come—for the scene is bright and fair !

Yes—come to me ! while the sky is bright,
With the million gems of fairy night ;
While Echo, down in our own green vale,
Like a sea-nymph reigns, 'till the morning gale.—
O come ! while his voice is wandering there,
By the light of the moon, on the sleeping air—

You have come—but, sister, come again,
For Autumn comes in his turn to reign ;
With solemn voice, like a spirit's call,
Throwing a spell o'er earth and all !—
Yes—come ! for our fairy vale is sere
With yellow hues of the fading year !

Yes, dearest sister, now come to me,
While the world is like a sleeping sea !
Come—and we'll talk of a world more fair,
One of fadeless bloom where angels are ;
Where none ever wear a garb of guile,
But all are pure as an infant's smile !

THE DREAM.

As rising on its purple wing,
The insect-queen of eastern spring,
O'er emeraled meadows of Kashmeer,
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on, from flower to flower,
A weary chase, and wasted hour,
Then leaves it and it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye ;—
So beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild,
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears !—*Byron.*

'Twas eve—and on a rocky height,
I set me down to view the scene,
For there were sea and landscape bright,
As any fairy sea and green.

As, one by one, they passed away,
I contemplated wave and hue,
Till every beam of dying day
Had all evanished from my view.

Then, like some lone and weary one,
I laid my head upon that steep,
I think on forms of beauty gone,—
But soon forgot them all in sleep.

And there I dreamed that every breeze
Half slept, like whispers Love would breathe,—
In morning light, on flowers and trees,
Far round the sunny sky beneath.

And ne'er was ocean-calm more bright,
In summer's reign, in diamond-dew,
Than one that dawned upon my sight,
For it had nature's every hue.

And long I gazed upon that sea,
And thought it robes of fadeless light,
By angels cast on earth, to be
A shadow of a world more bright.

But no ! I saw a gentle wave,
 Which a low breeze brought to the shore,
Pass on, as Death to Beauty's grave,
 So much like earth's, it seemed no more.

And then I knew the spirit-sea
 Was LIFE's—though now it seemed so bright,
That o'er its bosom, wild and free,
 A bark might ever roam in light.

Oh ! then I gazed upon that calm,
 For now it seemed 'twere ever fair,—
And lingered on its bosom's charm,
 And thought of forms that had been there.

And while I gazed, a fairy form
 Came floating from the east away,
So light, it seemed the god of storm,
 Who'd thought to carol there that day.—

But on it came, and 'twas a bark
 That gleamed with light, as the gemmed sea,—
So streaming bright, I wished that dark
 From sea and bark would ever flee.

It passed so near the pearly shore,—
 I saw the gleaming oars and sail ;
And saw the angel-forms it bore,
 Borne by an unheard, spirit-gale.

And there was one upon the prow,
 Who held a golden anchor fast,
With heav'n-lit eye, and shining brow,
 And snowy robes around her cast.—

But at the *helm*—O, who was he !
 With eye so bright, and brow so fair !
With form divine, and grace so free !
 With ringlets sporting in the air!—

I had a burning wish to know
 The streaming bark, and those she bore,
For, oh, she seemed a magic glow
 Of gold, as passed she down the shore !

I asked—and from a shining height,
An angel-voice came to my ear ;
I turned, and saw a form of light,
A genius of another sphere :

He had Apollo's form and face,
While Phœbus' beams about him shone ;
With Pallas' stern and sainted grace,
And a loose robe around him thrown.

I thought him Cynthius of the height,
Or angel-guardian of the sea ;
And but a moment turned my sight,
When he was seated near by me.

The genius knew my wish, and said,
Yon bark upon this golden sea,
Is ardent Youth's, and he is led
By *Hope*, and sped by *Passion* free.—

Passion, thou see'st, is all concealed,
And plies the glittering golden oar ;
Nor would he have his form revealed,
E'en when he's passed that ocean o'er.

But wind and wave, and gloomy dark
Will soon o'ertake that thoughtless crew,
And beat upon their slender bark—
When Hope will give her last '*adieu !*'

But mark thou well ! though all be bright,
And calm this azure, mirrored sea ;
The scene will change, and stormy night
Upon that bark will surely be.

I looked—but with a tearful eye,
For I would have all ever bright ;
And soon as I saw the sapphire-sky,
Streaked with the shades of early night.

The storm came on—the bark was tossed
By howling wind, and roaring wave ;
And all but Hope and anchor lost,
For Hope had sought herself to save.

In tears I asked the genius why
For youth there was no lasting gleam
Of bliss ?—He pointed to the sky—
I woke—but ne'er forgot this dream.

O ! TUNE THE HARP TO OTHER YEARS !

" We call back, Maid of Lutha, years that have rolled away."—
OSSIAN.

Dear Ada ! tune the Harp again,
And let it tell of other days,
When life's young hours, a laughing train
Of love, were in its magic lays.

It is the Harp, whose pensive tone
First thrilled my heart with music's power ;
It told me of some gentle one,
Who died within her garden-bower.—

There were two hearts, like two bright streams,
That only flow to meet as one ;
For Love came with his fairy dreams,
And life seemed as if just begun.

To make each other truly blest,
Was all they wished on earth to know,
And seek that holy home of rest,
Where streams of rapture ever flow.—

Eudolphus parted for the isles,
That lie beyond the Indian sea,
Where ever-blooming summer smiles,
And Eden-groves are said to be.

Time passed along with wearied wing,
And oft seemed pausing on his way
But Julia hoped he soon would bring
Eudolphus, and the bridal day.

At length the riches of the East
Were wafted o'er the Atlantic main—
But oh ! the one to make her blest
Was not among the welcome train.

Where was he ?—Ah ! how many a heart
Has prayed—and wept—and hoped in vain,
To have the loved, with whom they part,
Brought back to their own homes again !

'Tis ever thus !—'tis ever thus,
When hearts with love's young fervour burn,
The hopes that often smile on us,
May part, and never may return !—

In lands, where first the morning sun
Gilds every object in his view,
With charms that one would think were won
For Love, of starry drops of dew,—

They laid the lover down to rest,
To slumber in than sylvan land ;
And lightly on his grave were pressed
Fresh evergreens by Friendship's hand.—

They told his fate, and Julia thought
He slumbered in her garden-bower,
For such wild dreams had Fancy wrought
In gentle love, with mimic power.

She smiled, and said, that '*here* he slept,
For here he wished would be his sleep ;'
And when the stars their vigils kept,
She gently came for her's to keep.—

One morning came, and she had made
A resting place among her flowers,
Wrapt in a snowy robe she laid,
A spirit of the morning hours !—

Dear Ada ! tune the Harp again,
And let it tell of other days,
When life's young hours, a laughing train
Of love, were in its magic lays.

It is the Harp, whose pensive tone
 First thrilled my heart with music's power ;
It told me of some gentle one
 Who died within her garden-bower !

THE WEEPING BRIDE.

" How strong and beautiful is woman's love !—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

'Twas eve, and her soft shadows fell
 Like moonlight on the sea,
Upon the field, and hill, and dell,
 And leafy canopy ;
And when those shadows grew more deep,
A youthful mourner sought to weep.

Upon a distant streamlet's side,
 Near by a lonely glade,
Alone she set her down and sighed,
 And wept and knelt, and prayed,—
She wept because the one she loved
Forever from her was removed.

The pure and brilliant gems of night
 Resplendant on her shone,
And yet she heeded not their light,
 She wept, and still wept on,
While the full moon was riding high,
And not a cloud was on the sky.

And on the streamlet's bank of green
 She laid her down and wept ;
And, dreamed the one she loved, had seen
 Her, while she mourned and wept ;
But vanished soon that rainbow-dream,
Though lovelier than the silver stream.

'Twas summer, and the ev'ning sun
Had just withdrawn his beam,
Again her wand'rings were begun
Along that grove and stream ;
Nor would she check the rising sigh,
Nor aught regret the tearful eye.

And now the fields began to fade,
And that umbrageous grove
Had cast its richer leafy shade
Around where oft she'd rove ;
But still the sigh and tender tear
Were lovely to the eye and ear.—

'Twas winter when I passed again
That solitary place ;
The pure white snow upon the plain
Of *her* bore not a trace—
I sought her,—but I found her not—
She *died* upon that lonely spot !

BYRON,

AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN, SUGGESTED WHILE VIEWING HIS PICTURE—REPRESENTED IN A NIGHT-SCENE, AS DESCRIBED IN THE FOLLOWING POEM.

The sun has vanished from the sky,
There is no moon to meet the eye,
And night is down upon the sea,
And wind is on it, strong and free,
And waves against the rocky shore,
Are dashing with unceasing roar,
And high above, in darkling light,
Appears the mountain's rugged height ;
And Byron stands entranced in thought,
His soul with glorious visions fraught !
His gaze is on the gloomy sky,
With deepest rapture in his eye,

And inspiration in his soul,
Too high for mortal to control,
His converse with the pale star-light,
That glimmers on the brow of night,
Or with some spirit of the past,
In visions all too bright to last !—

But, Child of Nature's deep-toned Lyre,
Alas ! here's all thy soul's desire !—
And is there *nought* of prophecy
Revealed upon the sky for thee,
Of deathless fame in future years,
Or grief, too deep for sighs and tears ?—
'Tis so ! this sky was glowing bright,
Morn dazzled—now 'tis gloomy night !—
And once yon calm and sunny sea,—
Where now the elements are free,
And high, and strong, and spend their might
In giving terror to the night,—
Had its own bright,—but broken dreams,
As bright as now thy vision seems !
The very things of light have changed,
As knowing, and from love estranged !
And look around ! what meets the eye,
But troubled sea, and darker sky,
And mountain, sunless as the grave,
The transient gleaming of each wave,—
All telling how the things of life
Amid its elemental strife,
May pass away, with darkest doom,
With god-like soul, and Nature's bloom !—
O, that some angel-vision there,
Had laid thy ardent bosom bare !
O, that some warning voice had spoken
That thy glad spirit would be broken !
That beauty, hope, and hearts so gay,
May only live to pass away,
And thou had'st made one solemn vow,
To worship Him, thou knowest *now !*—

No lyre was ever tuned like thine,
The gentle lay and the divine,*
And grandest of the human mind,
Are all in melody entwined !
I read thee, and a magic spell
Is on me, which I cannot quell,
Of Nature's charms, earth, sea and sky,
Of flowers—that ever bloom to die,
Of raptured hope, and love, and smiles,
That steal the heart with fairy wiles,
Of melancholy's withering power,
And anger, kindled for an hour,
And tears unbrought, or brought, by grief,
And grief, in death, that finds relief,—
These have a pow'r, so wild and strong,
It chains my spirit to thy song !—

And oft at eve, beside yon sea,
I fancy 'tis thy minstrelsy,
The dash of waves, the tempest-tones,
Thy melancholy harp that moans !
And in that dash, or murm'ring blast,
Come visions of thy gloomy past ;
And could'st thou from thy spirit-sphere,
Who mourns thee now, the minstrel hear,
At this lone hour, thy voice would wake,
And tell me that gay hearts may break ;
That glad young spirits, now so free,
May know the deepest misery,—
Though one should sweep the Muses' Lyre,
With all Apollo's charm and fire,
Without a heart that angels love,
To worship Him, enthroned above
The loftiest flight of seraph's wing,
Mean is the harp he tunes to sing !

* See Byron's Hebrew Melodies.

MY NATIVE CITY.

"My heart is in the home of my childhood."—L. E. L.

I come to thee,
My native city! with a dreamer's heart!
With all its rapture, as in other days,
Ere many a year had brought increasing mart,
And laid it at thy feet, to send thy praise
Far o'er the sea!

I come to thee!
To gaze again upon my childhood's home,
The scenes of sunny pleasure, short and gay,
I tasted, ere my heart had learned to roam,
And stray in other climes of milder ray,
Among "the free!"

I come to thee!
But with a heart of feeling welling deep,
For here are nature's charms I loved so well,
The broad-blue sea, oft cradled in its sleep,
But now with waves, that loud its greatness tell,
Mighty and free!

I come to thee!
And O, how many a change the past hath wrought,
In all that bears the signet of man's power!
All but thy rock-bound shores, I oft have sought,
To muse upon the beauties of an hour,
They had for me!

I come to thee!
And fain would see the friends of other years,
But some have wandered on the trackless main,
And some have wandered where no temple rears
Its spire; and some, upon the battle plain,
Have ceased to be!—

To thee I come!
But I have learned to feel that all must change,
And though I've dreamed of pleasure, well I know

The world is cold, and human hearts estrange
Oft from each other—and the tears that flow
From hearts of purity, are dear to heaven,
And only to such holy hearts are given
That blessed home !
St. John, N. B., 1838.

THE LYRE AND BOWL.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GREEK.

It is true ! it is true ! as Minerva hath sung,
That the children of Payche are foolish and wrong !
With the noise of the banquet, the mirth of its wine,
Are mingled the notes of the Lyre divine ;
But Apollo intended the soft thrilling Lyre,
Should stir in the heart some more holy desire,
And when us the cold world has to sorrow resigned,
To sooth and console the disconsolate mind !

Then shame to the Bard, who would mingle his strains,
With the mirth-stirring Bowl, where Bacchus now reigns !
With its red sparkling wine, and its banqueting loud,
To join in the songs of the Bacchanal crowd ! !
Forsake the vain wassail, the feasting of glee,
The board spread with dainties, where the full Bowl is free,
For too sacred the Lyre, and too sweet is its song,
Which the children of Payche profanely prolong ! ! !

Give me the deep woods, by the summer-lit stream,
Where the wild flowers are, where my spirit may dream ;
Or the peace-smiling dale, with its ever green trees,
With their music among them, played there by the breeze,

Then away with the Bowl and its pleasures ! away,
And give me the Lyre, with its sweet pensive lay !
Till the sunlight is gone, I will muse there alone,
And will sing of the past and its pleasures now flown !

REQUIEM FOR SUMMER.

The beautiful have vanished,
And return not.—*Coleridge.*

Summer is gone !
I see it in the sky with shadows dimming,
I hear it in the river's gentle flow,
And in the rustling leaves, her dirge-notes hymning,
And in the murm'ring streamlet, sad and low ;
I know it as the sea-waves come and go,
And feel it in the sun's meridian glow,
That Summer's gone !

Summer is gone !
I hear it in the wind's low voices sighing,
I know it by the stillness of the grove,
I see it in the lonely flow'r, that's dying ;
I feel it in the spell, oft wont to move
My spirit to high melody, the love,
That inly burned, some kindling from above,
That Summer's gone.

Yes ! Summer's gone !
For tones of richest minstrelsy, once blending,
From Nature's Harp, with hearts that gladly met
In garden-bow'rs, where Love and Hope were bending,
Like angel-guardians, when the sun was set,
Or in fair morning's light, when the dews wet
And gemmed like crystal, rose and violet !—
Ah ! Summer's gone !

Yes ! Summer's gone !
And yonder bright, but lonely star, that's keeping
Its midnight-vigils in its home of blue,
Beheld her oft in robes, at ev'ning weeping,
For joy and rapture many a young heart knew,
So full of hope was life, so bright and true !
That Fortune's smiles were theirs, but to pursue !
Ah ! Summer's gone !

Summer is gone !
And many a heart, with sorrow's pang, is swelling,
That once beat high with hope, but now at rest,
Or writhing in its thoughts, like waters welling,
To find some secret pathway, never prest ;—
The starting tears, the griefs that rend the breast,
Tell how we hope, and how we are unblest,
Life's Summer gone !

Summer is gone !
But she shall bloom again, like yon star's beaming,
With all her roses and her jewelled train,
As soft and fair as Fancy's spirit-dreaming,
For it is only life, its bloom and wane,—
Like woman's hours of gladness and short reign,
More rapt'rous than her hope, to bloom again,
Life's Summer gone !—

Yes ! Summer's gone !
And bring ye now the lute, her dirge to tell !
And let its tones, like low-breathed voices rise,
For all the lovely flow'rs, that threw a spell
About our hearts and incense to the skies,
With all their charms, are faded from our eyes !
Touch ye the lute ! for grief deep-hidden lies,
For Summer's gone !

EVENING AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

"The Rose, the glorious Rose is gone!"
[*Lays of Many Lands.*

How dear it is, as Evening fades,
And Night with deeper, solemn shades,
Comes spreading round her sable veil,
To muse on things that be, and fail!—
The sun has sunk to quiet rest,
'Mid gold and crystal-clouds to rest,
While fast the gates of evening close
To leave the world to sweet repose.
And now 'tis heaven within my breast,
To look on beauty, not expressed,
The lonely and unclouded moon,
Which, from the sky, will set too soon.
There is no cloud upon the sky,
Below, no shadow passing by;
And yon calm lake,* with moonlit-smile,
Seems, now, like some enchanted isle,
That basks upon a summer's ocean,
Without a wave, without a motion,
While silvered o'er with softer light,
From Luna, and the stars so bright.
And at this still and solemn hour,
There is a charm, a magic power,
That steals the soul away from earth,
To mingle thought with spirit-worth,—
With friends, that long have passed away,
The friends of childhood's transient day!
And Retrospection loves to look,
As Memory opes her treasured book,
On many a youthful scene gone by,
With tints as bright as summer's sky;
But longer loves to linger on
Hope's smiles, and tears, forever gone,
As Memory paints them to the view,

* This poem was written on the borders of an extensive lake, after an evening walk, during a Harvest-Moon.

With visions pure, but all untrue,
Yet breathing on the lonely heart,
Like Love's first smiles that weep to part !
Like Morning's glance of rosy light !
Like Fancy's pictures, all too bright !—

And Autumn now resumes his reign,
O'er hill and dell, o'er field and plain ;
The groves, and every tree of shade,
Put off their leafy robes, and fade.
Flora, with airy dress so gay,
Has smiled and laughed,—and passed away,
An emblem of our joyous youth,
Speaking the thoughts of silent truth.
The velvet-bosomed landscape wide,
And summer-stream, with silver tide,—
The one has lost the green it wore,
The stream runs laughing on no more.
Gay bird and insect of the spring,
And butterfly with downy wing,
So golden through the summer's day,
Each, in his turn, has passed away ;
And solemn Night, with spirit-tread,
Returning, points me to the dead,
The changes of Life's changing clime,
The trophies of triumphant Time !—

So like the beautiful, the great
Must vanish from their high estate !
Those emblems of eternity,
The moon and stars, must cease to be !
The sun with milder, fiercer light,
And crimsoned at the eve of night,
Must vanish from his golden sphere,
No more in glory to appear !—

Oh ! tis a time for sacred thought ;
And tears, by better feeling brought,
Rush quickly to the gazing eye,
And some kind zephyr passing by,

Extends its heav'nward-wing abroad,
And bears them up to Nature's God,
So sparkling bright, of purer worth,
An off'ring far too great for earth !
And while I muse on pleasures fled,
And Nature's bloom, that now is shed,
Hope points me far above the sky,
To those that *never* fade and die !

THE TIMID FLOWER.

" The Lotus of Egypt, at the approach of a storm, always hides its head beneath the surface of the water, till the winds have ceased."
[*Travels in the East.*

There is a flower, a timid flower,
That drinks the light of summer-hour :
'Tis gemmed with gold of eastern morn,
And sips perfume by zephyrs borne,
As on Egyptia's sunlit lake,
It sleeps in bloom till tempests wake,
And then it seeks its head to rest,
Beneath the billow's snowy crest.

Till wind and wave are hushed and gone,
The timid flower is all withdrawn ;
And then it lifts its lilly head,
The amber surface for its bed,
And basks again in gleams of light,
In roseate bloom, as changeless bright,
An emblem of a life more fair,
Where storm and light are ever there !

Yes ! I have thought, thou timid flower,
How like to thee, is woman's hour !
Arrayed in sunlight-tinted charms,
She's joy, like Beauty in Love's arms ;—
But this cold world hath many a storm,
That beats upon her timid form,
And then she seeks her head to hide,
Beneath Life's dark and changing tide !

But not again she lifts her head,
E'en when life's stormy winds have fled,
And leave its ocean calm and bright,
Like summer-morning's early light !—
Ah ! some rude wave that form has broken,
And fades she with a wound unspoken ;
Life's chilling storm she could not brave,—
She blooms, but 'tis *beyond the grave !*

THE SEA SHELL.

" There is much beauty in the following, told by one of the Grecian Poets :—That the musical shell of a Nereiad was taken by a Wood-nymph to her grot, and when she sought to play upon it the songs of her own sylvan home, 'twould only repeat the tones it had learned before of the winds and the waves."—*Elegant Extracts.*

There was a shell, a beauteous shell,
That once adorned a Nereiad's cell ;
And there, amid her cave of ocean,
She tuned it to her heart's devotion.
It drank the hues of sky and sea,
And played her own sweet minstrelsy
Of winds, that murmured round her grot,
And sea-waves' tones, it ne'er forgot.

The Nereiad once when morn was o'er,
Had left her shell upon the shore ;
A nymph of Tempe's Eden-bowers,
Soon came to pass the golden hours,
Where Egea rolls her silver waves
In music o'er the ocean-caves ;—
The nymph admired the beauteous shell,
And took it to her mountain-dell.

She saw its fairy chords and cells,
And tuned its music-falls and swells,
But all the melody it knew,
Was when sweet Tempe's zephyrs blew,

And old Peneus' murmurs stole
In pensive music o'er the soul ;—
These formed its only minstrelsy,
The music of its home—the sea !

And thus there is in many a heart,
A melody, untaught by art,
It learned to breathe of earlier home ;
And O, how many a time they come
Back to the heart, like Love's first smiles,
The charms of our green home, or wilds ;
And then the exiled spirit owns
None but young life's unbroken tones !

THE BROTHER'S ADIEU.

" Thy Song around our early path
Flung beauty born of dreams,
That shadows on this lonely world,
The spirit's sunny dreams.

And yet thy song is sorrowful,
Its beauty is not bloom ;
The hopes of which it breathes, are hopes
That look beyond the tomb."—*Miss Landon.*

" Were it mine to trace thy future destiny,
'Twould all be fraught with light and bloom from ev'ry shadowy tree ;
Thy feet should rove o'er summer flowers sending up rich perfume,
And all things beautiful and bright, thy pathway should illume." *Mrs. S. H. Whitman.*

The time is come, my sister, when thy smile
No more shall glow with brightness, nor those eyes
Shall beam their meekness on me, to beguile
My sadness, 'neath our skies.

These were the moments that thou counted'st bright—
And have they vanished, like Hope's sunny dream,
From recollection, as eve's softer light,
From our lone grove and stream ?

Then holy was each hour, that passed away,
On the green bosom of our native vale,
As sober Twilight slow pursued the day,
When still was every gale.

Thy music floated o'er those shadows grey,
As each soft echo in the distance died,
As o'er some air-harp, the wild breezes play,
Then I was by thy side—

But now, if I am doomed to part and rove,
And thou another friend shalt have than me,
Sister ! I'll bless thee with a brother's love,
Whate'er that doom may be !

And while adown the winding stream of Time,
Thy barque of life may to its haven glide,
O, may the breezes of a milder clime,
Waft thee upon that tide ;

For it is darkly shadowed, rough and drear,
Its way in mist, its seeming end in night,
But if the Vesper Star of Heaven appear,
It shall be crowned with light !—

But Oh ! the time is come ! and we must part !
And dearest sister ! I must say *adieu !*
But thy dear picture is upon my heart
Transcribed !—Sister ! ADIEU ! !

Elegies.

THE DEPARTED CHILD.

(DIED IN OCTOBER, AGED THREE YEARS AND SIX MONTHS.)

"The sweet rose gathered into the wreath of heaven."
[*Lays of Many Lands.*

'Tis fled forever from the shores of Time,
And crossed the narrow, frightful sea of Death,
Within the arms of Jesus now it rests,
The soul's desired haven, quite secure
From storms and tempests, and the ills of life,
Forever blooming.—

Many a weary hour,
With anxious eye, and heart of bursting grief,
Its mother passed beside its downy couch,
Watching the life-pulse of her dying babe,
As fast it ebbed away.—

Death gently came,
As comes some spirit of a sphere of light
To whisper bliss immortal to the soul
Of one, who has long trod the way to heaven ;
And while it lay all calmly, as in dreams,
He rent the veil mysterious, which had shut
Its gaze from immortality and God.
Long on its mother it had fixed its eyes,
Then smiled and shut them, as if now it felt,
That she had come to watch its weary hours.
And when Death closed its dreams of mortal things,
On its pale features lingered yet a smile,
That told how beautiful and full of bliss,
Could things of earth be, as they pass to heaven !—

This withered rose had just begun to bloom—
But yesterday and it was numbered here,
Though almost faded. Now its fragrance fills
The Elysian fields ; and with their sinless hands
The angels rear the flowret ; and with dews
That glisten in the beams of heav'n's bright Sun,
Far brighter than earth's priceless jewels are,

They water its young leaves, and teach its bloom
To rise as grateful incense to their God.—

And, Parents ! as I see the tender tear
Start quickly to the eye, I feel for you,
But would not have it stay. If Jesus wept
For friends departed when he journeyed here,
'Tis not denied of heav'n, that ye should weep—
'Twould be inhuman not to mourn the dead !—
The soul's deep feelings are unchangeable
As yon celestial orb that gives us light !—
Then mourn ye for your dead ! 'Tis lovelier far,
As sleepeth it in smiles, than language knows !
Ye grieve to see it taken thus away,
As it began to fill your cup of life
With bliss a parent knows.

But ye must feel
It is the hand of God that chastens you,
Or from you takes the treasures of your heart.—
And ye may know that it is autumn now,
And in his store-house God is gathering,
A handful at a time, life's early fruit.
And this was sown, though for the harvest-hour
It did not ripen. 'Twas a chosen flower,
And thus God kindly sent His angel, Death,
To pluck it from its tender, parent-stem,
Where many a storm might beat to waste its form ;
And far to heav'nly climes he bore that flower,
To bloom amid the Paradise of God.—

This is a picture of our transient life !—
See here a flow'r springs up, another there,
And then to show us how earth's beauteous things
Will fade away and die, there comes a frost,
That blights them in their bloom, and thus we're left
To fix the heart on things that *never* fade.—

These dispensations of Wise Providence
Are doubtless for our good, we often need,
To warn *us* of our exit from this world.—
Almighty Father ! if THOU thinkest best,
Take *us* away from earth ! THOU can'st not err !

THE DEAD INFANT.

" Seed sown by God to ripen for the harvest."—*Klopstock.*

Can this be death ! so beautiful,
And yet so icy cold and chill,
That here I gaze with strange delight
On what may mock the painter's skill ?

A scene too beautiful to tell,
And none but silent thought can feel
The heav'nly calm, the smile of death,
The charms that o'er my bosom steal !

The smiling eye, the snowy brow,
Veiled by its bright and silken hair,
Had not so deep a charm before,
Formed not a scene so heav'nly fair.—

One hour ago, and all was bright,
As life could make an earthly scene,
For life itself was laughing there,
With thoughtless joy and guileless mien.—

The mother's heart was joyed to see
Her infant budding into bloom ;
But she, as mothers do, forgot,
It might be budding for the tomb.

And it is gone, but not for aye,
To the dark tomb where all must go ;
The spirit is to heav'n recalled,
While its light form lies here below.

And there it blooms forever fair
Within the paradise above ;
A flower within some angel-bower,
Where all is pure, transcendent love.

Then why should mortals mourn its fate,
Since it is wreathed with bowers of light ?
The mother mourn her faded joy,
That death her bosom's flower should blight ?

'Twas only like some fav'rite flower,
Its guardian angel wished to see,
Before earth's blighting storms come on,
Transplanted in its purity.—

Mourn not the dead with sighs and tears !
Who'd weep not when an infant dies ?
Away !—I'd scorn the frozen heart,
That had no tears, or aching sighs !

Then mourn ye, parents ! for your dead,
So beautiful ! so cold and still ;
Your Father, God, denies not tears ;
But do not *murmur*—'tis His will !

THE MOTHER AT THE GRAVE OF HER BABE.

"Truly, unnatural and degraded must he be, who is insensible to his mother's love ;—that love, which nourished his infancy, guided his youth, and shielded his life from a thousand ills. The love of a father may indeed be ardent and strong, but it has not that magic and tenderness which a mother's knows. The coldness of the world may sweep over it, with all its blighting powers, and yet it is not dimmed ; the object which it first wooed and joyed to see bloom in its ardour, it still clings to, and will, till death himself chills its holy fire.—

I never shall forget the feeling incident which I once knew of a mother, who had lost her only boy of two years old, going continually to its grave in the evening to weep, and vainly endeavoured to call it back to her arms, until religion persuaded her, that she would meet it in heaven."—*Elegant Extracts.*

Lovliest ! I have looked in vain,
And wilt thou never wake again ?
Is thy voice forever stilled ?
And is thy heart forever chilled ?
And is thy bright and lovely eye ?
Closed upon the glorious sky ?
Wilt thou never, never, waken ?—
Whither is thy spirit taken ?—

I cannot bear to have thee stay
From me, in this abode of clay !
It grieves me that thy raiment-fold
Will spot with earth's corruptive mould ;
It grieves me that the reptile-worm
Will feed upon thy lovely form—
Listen to the voice, that's telling
Thee, to leave thy doleful dwelling !

Listen, love ! the moon is high,
And soft the breezes round me sigh,
And stars are shining pure, and bright,
But thou art not with me to-night ;—
Oh ! dearest ! wake ! arise and come
To me, thy own beloved home !
I cannot have my babe lie sleeping
Where chill storms are o'er him sweeping !—

Ah ! vain to call ! my darling's ear
His mother's voice no more can hear ;
But, could I have his lovely form
I'd shield it from life's chilling storm ;
But now his lovely eye is hid
With all his smiles the grave amid,
And there Death his watch is keeping
O'er the bed where he is sleeping.

Then, sleep, my babe ! since thy calm rest
Will ne'er be on thy mother's breast !
Nor wilt thou know the fervent prayer,
I've breathed for thee, reposing there ;—
Sleep on ! thine is an endless rest,
Far softer than thy mother's breast !
Thy face with glorious smiles is glowing
Where rapturous bliss from God is flowing !

THE FLOWER HAS FADED.

Stanzas written on the death of Miss M. J., died in this city 19th September, 1838, aged 17.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee ; but thou art not of those
Who wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.
[*Mrs. Hemans.*

'Tis for the dead
I hear those dirge-like tones upon the air,
A solemn pealing, for life's flowret faded,
A rose that grew beneath affection's care,
And screened from many an ill, and sweetly shaded
Until Death's hour.—

And now it comes,
That tolling for the dead ; and now a band
Go forth to bear it to its home of rest,
To slumber, and for aye, beneath a land,
Where it grew up and faded, but was blessed,
And joyed to bloom.

But ever thus,
The fairest things of earth, that we love dear,
Bloom like the raptures which hope often brings ;
Then in their loveliness from life's bright sphere,
Vanish like Eden's bird, with stricken wings,
At once to die !

This is our lot,
To wish, and hope, and love—and hope in vain,
With tears and anguish, for that spirit-power,
Whose mandate is of heav'n, the earth his reign,
Spares not the one that rears it, or the flower
To mourn his fate.—

But yet there's hope—
But 'tis where the soft light of ev'ning's hour,
And the sun's radiant beaming never fell,

Nor moonlight, or the dew upon the flower,—
And there 'tis fadeless, and too bright to tell,
And blooms in love.

And ye, who weep
The flowret faded, that adorned your path,
Quench not the love ye knew, nor stay the tear,
But know ye that it blooms, where Death's fell wrath
Shall never fade it more ;—and may ye hear
And join the melody of that blest land,
Poured forth from golden harps, by angel-hand,
Where now it blooms !

THE DEPARTED.

Written immediately after hearing of the death of a beautiful and talented young lady, who died after a few days' illness, aged 15.

O, tell me not now, that the roses of life,
While they beatecuslybloom, with a blight are not rife!
O yes ! while their beauty is cast on the heart,
Death lurks 'neath their leaflets—they fade and depart!
Ever thus in the garden of Hope, with its dawn,
The flow'rs we love best soon are withered and gone ;
Like the rainbow's bright beauties they fade, and behind,
Naught is left but the fragrance they leave on the mind!

Like a rose she has blighted, and passed from her home,
Who was yesterday here in her joy and her bloom—
Like a fairy that sports amid earth's sleeping flowers,
When the sunlight is gone, by the moon's silver hours,
Shining on till it seemed that a spirit-bound spell
Had enticed it to earth and there ever to dwell ;
And thus 'mid her home, would earth's loved one long stay,
But life and its pleasures depart in a day !—

Still we ask not the thoughtless, ! Oh ! why should we
think
Thus to live here with time, if we sport on its brink !
Let us know ! let us feel ! that we live but a day,
And life, like the rainbow, may vanish away—
But ah !—and the thought, how it gladdens the heart !
Again we shall meet, never more to depart !
Then the sister ! the daughter ! the loved one of time !
Ye shall meet with the blest in a happier clime !

FINIS

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ERRATA.

On page 7, for " fallen fame," read *prostrate fame.*
do. 8, for " seemest," read *seem'st.*
do. 9, for " golden wings," read *glittering wings.*
do. 15, for " risen to take vengeance," read *risen to pour His vengeance.*
do. 18, for " To Heav'n's will," read *To Heav'n's high will.*
do. 19, for " be consumed," read *must be consumed.*
do. 23, for " grandly, beautiful," read *grandly beautiful.*
do. 30, for " King of Kings," read *King of kings.*
do. 32, for " unhear'd." read *unheard.*
do. 33, for " spirit of love," read *spirits of love.*
do. 37, for " Was deep, burning &c," read *Was burning, &c.*
do. 39, for " throne of Heav'n's King," read *throne of heav'n's high King.*
do. 39, in the quotation from Longfellow, read *a childish delight.*
do. 40, a comma (,) after " flower-gemmed hill."
do. 40, for " which knows," read *which know.*
do. 43, for " I think on," read *To think on,* in 3d stanza.
do. 44, for " who was he," read *who is he,* in 8th stanza.
do. 45, for " And soon as I &c," read *And soon I, &c.* 8 stanza.
do. 45, for " wept," read *slept,* in 4th stanza and 2d line.
do. 53, for " Payche," read *Psyche,* in " the Lyre and Bowl."
do. 67, for " Lovliest," read *Loveliest,* in " The Mother, &c."